

DELL
Western
Adventure

ROY ROGERS AND TRIGGER

JAN. 1955

Still 10¢

In Africa,
Roy and Dusty
uncover
the secret
of the sands!



KRAFT CANDIES

(they're the easiest to get mom to buy!)



ONE SIZE—BITE SIZE →



KRAFT FUDGIES are nice to bite into, creamy good, wonderful tasting! Different from any other candy. Choose Chocolate Fudgies in gold foil. Vanilla in silver. You'll love 'em!

Try Kraft's wonderful Caramels and Marshmallows, too!









STRANGE ANIMAL SCENTS, BORNE ON THE NIGHT BREEZE, KEEP BULLET AWAKE... SILENTLY HE GETS TO HIS FEET...

SNIFFIFF!



AND MOVES DOWN THE ROW OF STONE CARYINGS WHICH DECORATE THE ANCIENT WALL...



A MOMENT LATER, WARI SINGH'S DARK EYES ARE DREW TO THE GLEAM OF GOLD!



THE ANIMAL MOVES SHIFTLY SOUNDLESSLY...



...AND RETURNING DOWN THE RUMOUS INSIDE STAIRWAY, WITH HIS BUNDLE, HARDLY DISTURBING THE DUST ON THE STONES!



BUT IN THE GATEWAY, HE IS SPOTTED — AND STOPPED — BY ANOTHER FRONTIER!



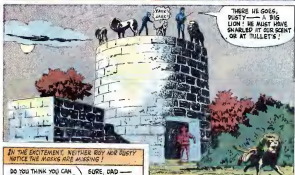
THE HEAVY, CRUSHING SNARL OF THE LION
BRINGS BULLET BACK TO THE FIRE, HOWLING!



YARK!
WARR-ARR-ARRK!

BULLET!
WHAT'S
GOING
ON?

WARR-ARR-
ARRK!



THERE HE GOES,
RUSTY — A BIG
LION! HE MUST HAVE
SHARPEL AT OUR POINT
OR AT BULLET'S!

IN THE EXCITEMENT, NEITHER BOY AND RUSTY
NOTICE THE MASKS ARE MISSING!

DO YOU THINK YOU CAN
GO BACK TO SLEEP, SON?

SURE, DAD —
IF BULLET WILL
LAY OFF LIONS
FOR A WHILE!
TAKE IT EASY,
BULLET!

GRUMP
ARRK!



BUT IN THE MORNING...

DAD — THE MASKS!
THE GOLDEN MASKS —
WHERE ARE THEY?

MASKS? WE LAD
THEM ON A TOWEL,
HERE! WELL!
THAT'S queer!







WILDLY, KING WRENCHES THE STEERING WHEEL



THE LAND-ROVER SPINS — BREAKING THE GRIP OF BULLET'S Paws ON THE DOOR!



THE FIRST THING WE'LL DO IS DRIVE
BACK TO THE RUINS — IF THIS JUNK
HEAP WILL START ! I THINK IT'S ONLY
STALLED !



FROM HERE ON, I DON'T
QUITE KNOW **WHAT** TO
DO WITH OUR PRISONER,
DUSTY ! WE'RE NOT
POLICE !



I GUESS THE NEXT THING IS
TO GET BREAKFAST — AND
FIND A SAFE PLACE FOR THE
MASKS ! AFTER THAT WE
CAN DECIDE ON THE REST...



SWIFTLY, EXPERTLY, HORI SINGH HAS
MOVED HIS WRISTS FREE. IN THE
MOMENTS HE IS LEFT ALONE ! AND NOW...



DAD!
HE'S LOOSE !



BUT SINGH, IN HIS HURRY TO GET OUT OF GUNFIRE RANGE, CLOSSES THE WRONG SAND DUNE!



AND, HELPLESS, HE SLIDES DOWN THE STEEP SLOPE...



CRASHING INTO A METAL STATUE...



THAT LAND-ROVER HIT SOMETHING PRETTY HARD, BY THE SOUND!



THE KINGS! HE DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THEM!

THE THIEF — I DON'T SEE HIM ANYWHERE, DAD!



HE'S DISAPPEARED INTO THE BRUSH, PASTY! HE PROBABLY BELIEVES NOW THAT THOSE THREE DARK KINGS PUT A CURSE ON HIM — RIGHT FROM THE START!

WAR DANCERS



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"Boys," called Sam Newman, foreman of the Double-S, as he reined up at the corral with a stranger. "Meet Jerry Kahuka, our new hand. He hails from Hawaii and has hired on to help us with the cattle drive."

Darb Downer, a born bully, but an experienced ranch hand, snorted loudly as he looked the stranger over. "If you're from Hawaii, how about doing a hula for us?"

"Maybe I will some day," Jerry laughed good-naturedly. "I was brought up on a cattle ranch in Hawaii, but every islander, ranch hands included, knows how to do some kind of dance, whether it is a hula, a war dance, or a sword dance."

"Yeah?" Darb growled, his joke gone sour. "Well, knowing how to dance won't do you a bit of good on the trail, believe me!"

In the weeks that followed, Jerry proved to be a capable cowboy, and he even won Darb's somewhat begrudging respect.

One day, when the drive reached the banks of a raging river, Sam halted the herd and called Darb to look at the rushing waters.

"They must have had a whopper of a storm up north to bring this much water down," he sighed, realizing the delay the flooded stream would cause.

"We'd better graze here for a few days until it calms down," Darb suggested. "The only way we can bypass it is to cut across Black Cloud's territory, and he'd charge a hundred head of cattle for the privilege."

"There isn't more than a day's forage here for the herd," Sam mused. "I think I'll take Jerry with me and go powwow with Black Cloud. Maybe I can talk him into a more reasonable figure than a hundred head to let us cross his land."

"Boss, why don't you let me come with you instead of Jerry," Darb urged. "I can talk Black Cloud's language, too!"

"No, Darb, I'm leaving you in charge of the herd," Sam replied. "I want Jerry to see the inside of an Indian camp. It'll be useful

experience if he's going to stay here very long."

Darb nodded thoughtfully, inwardly very pleased that Sam had picked him to be responsible for the herd.

The evening fires were just being lighted when Sam rode back into camp alone.

"What happened?" Darb asked as Sam dismounted. "Where's Jerry?"

"He's back there teaching Black Cloud's braves the Hawaiian war dance!" Sam grinned.

As Darb gasped with amazement, Sam went on to explain. "Before we could powwow, we had to sit through the customary ceremonial dances, then just as I was explaining what we wanted to Black Cloud, Jerry jumps up and starts putting on a dance of his own, to return the favor, I guess."

"The braves got all excited about this new way of dancing, and the next thing I knew Black Cloud agreed to let us cross his land without paying a single head of cattle.... that is if Jerry would stay behind and teach them his dance!"

"What!" Darb exclaimed. "Black Cloud must have a powerful reason to make a bargain as fruitless as that!"

"He does," Sam explained. "It seems that in a couple of weeks there is going to be a big celebration with tribes from the whole territory. There'll be the usual contests of strength and skill, but the big event will be war dances at night."

"They figure it'll bring them a lot of honor to show the others that they know how to dance the war dance of a people who lives far across the great waters."

Darb turned to the cowboys who had gathered around. "You heard me tell Jerry that knowing how to dance wouldn't do him a bit of good out here, but I guess I was wrong. When he catches up with us, I'm going to get him to show us that war dance, too. And the first one of you that cracks a smile will get his nose broken! Savvy?"

DALE EVANS

THE TURQUOISE BELT





WHEN FRANK LEADS THE HORSES TO A STREAM...





A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE WAGON RETURNS AND FRANK CALLS TO JANE, WHO IS OUT OF SIGHT...

HERE I AM, UNCLE FRANK! MY FOOT'S CAUGHT!

YOU STAY UNDER COVER WHILE I GO GET HER, CAL!

DON'T MOVE, MISTER! AND DON'T MAKE A SOUND...

DALE TIES THE ROBBER WITH HIS OWN TURQUOISE BELT.

THAT'LL HOLD YOU TILL WE BRING IN YOUR PAL!

HOLD IT, MISTER! I'LL TAKE YOUR GUN... AND YOU CAN PUT JANE DOWN NOW! THEN WE'LL DRIVE YOU AND YOUR FRIEND AND THE WELLS FARGO MONEY TO TOWN!

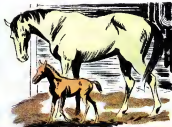
LATER, IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...

MR. FIX-IT'S JOBS WERE GOOD, ALL RIGHT! HE'S BEEN USING HIS WAGON TO HAUL FUGITIVES AND STOLEN GOODS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY...

I HAD A HUNCH SOMETHING WAS WRONG WHEN I SAW YOUR SCARED FACE, JANE! BUT EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT NOW AND THE REWARD MONEY WILL HELP YOU GET SETTLED TEACHING AGAIN!

The Night Everything Happened

by Roy Rogers



Folks who think that life on the Double-B-Bar Ranch is just one lazy day after another have another think coming. Not only aren't the days lazy—what with all the chores to do around the place—but the nights can be mighty exciting, too.

Take this last month, for instance, when we were expecting another little Trigger to be born. I'd been sleeping with half an eye open for about a week, and when I figured the time had just about arrived, I bedded down in the barn in the stall right next to Buttermilk, who was going to be the mama.

Well, along about three o'clock in the morning, the baby Trigger arrived in the world. He was a tiny little fellow who looked just like his dad. By the time I had everything fixed up and the mother and baby colt bedded down in clean straw, it was just before sunrise.

I rolled up in my blanket again and was just about to go to sleep when there was a pounding on the barn door. I opened it, and there stood Sandy and Dusty, holding lanterns and hollering, "Dad, come quick! Mrs. Bullet just had five puppies!" I rushed up to the workshop where Mrs. Bullet had been staying, and sure enough, it was true.

Next thing I knew, Dale was calling us for breakfast. After we washed up and went in, I asked, "Where are Debbie and Dodge?"

"Land sakes," Dale replied, "they were here just a minute ago."

Then we heard a whooping and a hollering outside. We rushed to the patio to find two of the dirtiest-looking children you ever saw. That's right—Debbie and Dodge.

"Guess what?" they chorused. "We heard our cat, Mrs. Box, crying under the house, so we crawled down there. Look!"

Each of them held a pair of black and tan kittens! Yeah, if you think things are always quiet around the Double-B-Bar, you have another think coming.





Dear Roy:

I'm always reading about branding and brands on cattle, but I really don't understand what they're for. Can you explain it for me?

Don W. — Brooklyn

Dear Don:

In the early days, before there were fences on the range, cattle from all the ranches wandered freely over the pastureland. So, it became necessary for each rancher to identify his own cattle. Branding was the method they used.

Let me tell you a little more about branding, though, because it's one of the most interesting features of cowboy work. Did you know, for instance, that branding started way back... about 2,500 years before the birth of Christ? Drawings have been found on ancient Egyptian tombs picturing the process, and, believe it or not, their methods did not differ too much from ours! So, maybe it's true that "there's nothing new under the sun."

Your friend,

Roy Rogers



Dear Roy:

I just got a puppy who looks just like Bullet. I've named him Prince, and I hope he grows up to be as smart as Bullet, because I think Bullet is the greatest dog in the world.

Paul K. — Los Angeles



Dear Paul:

I agree with you that Bullet is a great dog, but remember one thing — he didn't get that way without a lot of care and attention. Here are some tips that might help you with Prince:

The first rule in dog care is cleanliness. This applies to his food, his shelter, and his coat. But don't bathe him too often — short-haired dogs twice a month; long-haired dogs once a month. Dry him and brush him after each bath.

Dogs need exercise, and they love to play, so take him outdoors and run and romp with him as much as you can.

Be careful of your dog's diet. Some foods, like starches, raw fish, and pork, are not suitable for dogs. And never give him chicken bones to chew on.

There are just a few ways to make sure of having a healthy and happy pet.

Your friend,

Roy Rogers

ROY ROGERS THE VANISHING TRAILS





"WE PROMISED THE RANCHERS FAST ACTION, AND THEY HEADED FOR HOME!"



THE THIEVES STEAL ONLY PRIME BEEF STEERS, READY FOR MARKET! I'M SURE SOMEBODY'S TIPPING THEM OFF! BUT THE BIG MYSTERY IS HOW THEY GET AWAY AND WHERE THEY TAKE THE CATTLE!



"WE STUDIED THE MAP OF GREEN VALLEY, A WIDE STRETCH OF GRASSY RANGELAND, CLOSED IN BY JAGGED, ROCKY HILLS AND THE WATERLESS WASTELAND OF DOOMSDAY DESERT."



WE'VE KEPT A TWENTY-FOUR HOUR GUARD ON THE ONLY THREE CATTLE PASSES IN THE HILLS! THEY HAVEN'T GONE THROUGH!

AND WE KNOW THEY CAN'T CROSS THE DESERT!







"THAT NIGHT, AS WE WERE RIDING AWAY FROM TOWN, WE MET JOE BEAL!"



"WE WATCHED AND WAITED, BUT NOTHING HAPPENED!"

LOOKS LIKE I SUSSESED
WRONG ABOUT THE TIME
AND PLACE!

WE KNOW WE WERE TAKING
A LONG CHANCE, TOM!



NO,
YOU DON'T,
WINTER...

I'VE GOT ONE
OF 'EM!!



YOU
TALKED TOO
SOON,
FELLA!!



IT'S LUCKY 'EM SAW
'EM HEARDIN' THIS WAY
AND WARNED US!

SHALL WE FINISH
'EM OFF NICE AN'
QUIET, BOSS-F?

NO! TWO OF THEM ARE LUVVENS! THIS'LL HOLD
THEM TILL WE'RE LONG GONE! LET'S GET
MOVIN' FAST, BOYS!



"TACKER AND THE BAR-Y BOYS FOUND US THE NEXT MORNING! THE RUSTLERS HAD NOW TURNED KILLERS! ONE OF THE GUARDS WAS DEAD! THE CATTLE WERE GONE, LEAVING NO TRAIL BEHIND THEM!"

SOMEBODY MUST HAVE TOLD THEM WE WERE HERE! THEY KNOCKED US OUT BEFORE THEY ATTACKED THE GUARDS!

BUT NOBODY KNEW OUR PLAN!



YOU'RE FORGETTING JOE BEAL! HE DIDN'T KNOW THE PLAN, BUT HE KNEW WE WERE COMING HERE!

JOE WOULDN'T WORK WITH THE RUSTLERS! THEY'VE ALREADY RUINED HIM AND HIS RANCH!



"THE SHERIFF LEFT TO COLLECT A POSSE, WHILE THE MARSHAL AND I SEARCHED FOR THE RUSTLERS' TRACKS!"

THEIR TRAIL'S DISAPPEARED AGAIN... VANISHED, INTO THIN AIR!

LET'S PAY JOE BEAL A VISIT, BILL!



"BUT BEAL WASN'T HOME!"

HE MUST HAVE HAD VISITORS LAST NIGHT! LOOKS LIKE THE TRACKS OF THREE OR FOUR HORSES!



ONE SET OF TRACKS IS HEADING IN THIS DIRECTION! WHAT'S BEYOND THAT RISE, BOY?

DOOMEDAY DESERT! CAN'T FIGURE WHY ANYBODY'D RIDE THAT WAY! LET'S TAKE A LOOK, BILL!





"LATER, IN TOWN, I WAS TRYING TO FIGURE OUT BEAL'S LAST WORDS WHEN, SUDDENLY, I HAD A WILD HUNCH!"



"I LOOKED THROUGH THE COLLECTION OF OLD MAPS AND, AT LAST, I FOUND WHAT I WANTED!"



THERE'S THE OLD FORT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DESERT! LOOK AT ITS NAME! **FORT REFUGE!** I THINK BEAL WAS TRYING TO TELL US SOME - THING ABOUT FORT REFUGE!



BUT, BOY, THE SHERIFF CALLED IT OLD HALF-WAY FORT!

MOST PEOPLE HAVE FORGOTTEN ITS REAL NAME, SINCE IT'S ONLY AN ABANDONED RUIN NOW.



BEAL SAID HIS FATHER WAS A DESERT FREIGHTER YEARS AGO, WHEN THERE WAS WATER ON THE DESERT! IT WAS CALLED **FOAT** **ANYMORE** THEN! THE BEALS PROBABLY NEVER FORGOT THE NAME!



I'M GOING TO FOLLOW MY HUNCH AND RIDE OUT THERE, BILL! WANT TO COME ALONG?

I'M AFRAID IT'S A WILD-BOOSE CHASE, BUT I'LL GO WITH YOU!



"WE STARTED ACROSS THE DESERT AT DAYBREAK NEXT MORNING, TAKING A GOOD SUPPLY OF WATER! SOON AFTER NOON, WE RAN INTO A CHOKING, BLINDING SAND STORM!"



"I CAN'T SEE A FOOT IN FRONT OF US! THIS IS SURE SLOWING US DOWN!"

"YEAH! AND KIPING OUT ALL TRACKS IN THE SAND! WE'D BETTER FIND SHELTER TILL IT STOPS!"



"WE FINALLY FOUND SOME ROCKS AND Huddled AGAINST THEM UNTIL THE WIND DIED DOWN!"



"AT MID-MORNING THE NEXT DAY, WE FINALLY SAW THE OLD FORT IN THE DISTANCE!"



"WE FOUND ONLY BARREN DESOLATION IN THE RUINS OF THE OLD FORT, HALF-BURIED IN THE DRIFTING SAND!"



"LATE IN THE AFTERNOON, WE SAW A CLOUD OF SAND ROLLING TOWARD US ACROSS THE FLOOR OF THE DESERT!"



"ONLY AN ARMY OF RIDERS COULD STIR UP THAT MUCH SAND! OR A HERD OF CATTLE!"

"IT'S A HERD, BOY! LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE HEADING FOR THIS FORT! WHAT DO YOU THINK...?"

"I DON'T KNOW! LET'S SET THE HORSES OUT OF SIGHT AND HIDE COVER OURSELVES!"



"OUR HORSES WERE TIED BEHIND ROCKS OUTSIDE THE FORT, AND WE WERE WAITING INSIDE, WHEN FOUR SAND-COVERED HORSEMEN RODE IN AHEAD OF THE HERD!"



"WE'VE GOTTA WORK FAST, BOYS! THE STEERS'LL STAMPEDE SOON AS THEY SMELL IT!"

"I'LL HELP YOU, GARR!"

"I'LL UNCOVER THE TROUGHS AND DIG UP THE BAGS OF FEED!"

"TWO MEN LIFTED THE HEAVY PLANKS OF AN OLD FLOOR, AND WE SAW A POOL OF WATER, SUNKEN IN THE SAND!"



"THE THIRD HORSEMAN UNCOVERED A METAL TROUGH, BURIED IN THE SAND NEAR THE WALL!"



"A SHORT TIME LATER, THE COURTYARD WAS FILLED WITH MILLING CATTLE, DRINKING THE CLEAR, COOL WATER THAT FLOWED FROM THE HIDDEN WELL INTO THE TROUGH!"

LOOK AT THEIR
BUSHES, BILL!
THEY'RE THE
STOLEN BAR-T
STEEPS!

WE
HURRY'VE
PASSED THEM
IN THE SAND
STORM, SO WE
DIDN'T SEE
OR HEAR
THEM!

THIS CLEARS UP THE
MYSTERY OF THE
DISAPPEARING
CATTLE AND THEIR
VANISHING
TRAILS!

YEP! WITH THIS STOP
FOR WATER AND FEED,
THEY CAN CROSS THE
DESERT! AND THE
WIND BLOWS THEIR
TRACKS AWAY!

"WE WAITED UNTIL THE CATTLE WERE QUIET AND THE
BUSTLERS WERE EATING!"

ALL RIGHT... STAND
UP AND DROP YOUR
GUNBELTS! **MOVE
SLOW AND SLOW!**
GUNSHOTS MIGHT
STIMULATE THE
HERD!

"BUT DISREGARDING MY WARNING, ONE MAN FIRED AT ME, AND I
HAD TO STOP FURTHER GUNPLAY!"

FORGET THE
CATTLE!
**GET 'EM,
BOYS!...
OWWWW!**

**DON'T
SHOOT,
YOU
FOOL...!**

LOOK OUT
FOR THE
STEEPS!

DON'T LET THE CATTLE BREAK
DOWN THE BARRIER AND GET
OUT OF THE FORT, BILL! I CAN
HANDLE THE MEN!

"WHILE BILL'S GUNSHOTS DROVE THE STAMPEADING CATTLE BACK FROM THE FLAMING BARRIER ACROSS THE FORT'S ENTRANCE, I COVERED THE TERRIFIED RUSHLERS!"

KEEP THE STEERS AWAY FROM US! THEY'LL TRAMPLE US!

WE'VE DROPPED OUR GUNS! *HE* GIVE UP!!

OKAY! STAND STILL AND KEEP YOUR HANDS HIGH! WE'LL TRY TO CALM DOWN THE CATTLE!



"WE FINALLY QUIETED THE FRIGHTENED CATTLE!"

WE FOUND JOE SEAL! WHY'D YOU SHOOT HIM? YOU MIGHT AS WELL TALK NOW!

SEAL WORKED FOR US! HE TURNED YELLOW AFTER THE BART'S KID!



HE FOLLOWED US! THREATENED TO TALK UNLESS WE PAID HIM PLENTY, SO HE COULD GET AWAY. WE THOUGHT WE'D FINISHED HIM! FIGURED HIS HORSE WOULD TAKE HIM HOME!



"SIX DAYS AFTER I RODE INTO VALLEY CITY, I WAS READY TO RIDE OUT AGAIN!"

I'LL BE HEADING FOR HOME NOW, BOYS! SEE YOU AGAIN SOON, TOM!



IT SURE WAS LUCKY FOR US THAT YOU STOPPED HERE, ROY!

NEXT TIME YOU COME THIS WAY, YOU CAN CUT ACROSS DOOMSDAY DESERT, WITH A WATER STOP AT THE WELLS OF NEW FORT RODGERS!



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